

MAY-DAY:

A

CP.

P O E M.

IN FOUR PARTS.

CONTAINING,

- I. The Order of chusing the May Queen.
- II. The Milk Maid's Garland.
- III. The Chimney Sweeper's Garland.
- IV. The Bunter's Garland.

Adorned with curious COPPER-PLATES.

L O N D O N :

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tho'



T H E

P R E F A C E.

SOME Authors have declared, that a book without a Preface, is like a ship without a rudder, tho' I cannot conceive a Preface so necessary to the first as to the last, and especially to so trifling and simple a publication as the present; yet as my readers, either young or old, rich or poor, may not complain; and to comply with the custom of the times, I have thought proper to write a Preface, but what shall I say? why faith, that's no bad question,

tho' not so easy to be answered as asked.

The ancient method of writing Prefaces, was generally intended an apology to the work it was prefixed too, giving some account of the Author's reasons for submitting it to the public, to elucidate certain passages, and to facilitate the reader in his perusal of the work; but modern Prefaces are quite of a different cast, they are calculated only to swell the size of the book, and make it seem at least worth the money the purchaser gave for it, tho' perhaps it contains nothing but uncooth words, and unconnected ideas, containing neither sense, moral, or meaning; but I must not proceed too far in this, for fear I should fall under the same predicament myself; yet then, they can only say that I follow the modern taste,

P R E F A C E.

v

taste, and that is rather a compliment which I know will be more readily forgiven than all the Satire I am capable of writing, or thinking of.

But to return ; as the ancient and modern method of prefaceing differ so widely, the task is rather difficult to determine, whither I shall take the ancient or modern mode ; however, that I may be right, I will endeavour to steer my small skiff between both, make some apology for the book, and put in some for the sake of filling up ; so far I shall stand excused by the reader, as I have certainly spoke the truth, and that all must allow is rather out of the modern way ; now as to being in the modern way, 'tis plain to be seen that I am, by this prolix introduction to a Preface, which is in fact like a prologue to prologue.

Know,

Know, gentle reader, that this little work was written by a Youth at his leisure hours, and never was intended for publication; but it having been shewn to the present Editor, he was pleased to say there was some humour and sentiments in it, and the morals it contained would be an acceptable present to the juvenile readers of both sexes; the compliment and persuasion of some friends, prevailed on the Author to let it be printed; and if it should not be looked upon in the same light by the readers as it was by the Author's friends, it is hoped their censure will not fall on him, who modestly would have concealed it; nor yet too severely on the Editor, whose meaning was to amuse and instruct, and who is

Your humble Servant.



MAY-DAY:

A

P O E M.

P A R T I.

The Order of chusing the May Queen.

I.

THE simple sports and simple plays,
USED by the Swains in latter days,
Are pleasing to recite;
The coit, the bar:—to hurl with ease,
Still each unbias'd mind must please,
And yield each mind delight.

B

II.

II.

These exercises they pursue,
 Give to their cheeks that rosy hue,
 Which still the country share ;
 O ! may such innocence remain,
 And health still visit every swain,
 And every artless fair.

III.

But above all the rustic sports,
 To which each Nymph and Swain resorts,
 In mirth inspiring May ;
 When Flora sheds her sweets around,
 When lambkins full of frolick bound,
 And every thing is gay.

IV.

Is when they meet upon the green,
 To elect their lovely May Day Queen ;
 The Queen of innocence ;
 Let greater Queens awhile stand bye,
 To view this with impartial eye ;
 Of lesser consequence.

V.

No sparkling jewels, rich and rare,
 Compose her crown or deck her hair,
 And simple is her dress ;
 But then her innocence of mind
 Consider'd, is above you'll find,
 High titled wretchedness.

VI.

Now Sol advancing sheds his ray,
 And gives a mild and chearful day,
 Which animates the throng ;
 The tabors beat, the pipes resound,
 'Tis mirth and rapture all around,
 And inoffensive song.

VII.

Now on they march, in order due,
 A Nymph and Swain all two and two,
 With flowery garlands drest ;
 While daisies spring along the plain,
 Each Nymph alternate views her Swain,
 And seems completely blest.

VIII.

Now they drew near the erected bower,
 Adorn'd with many a shrub and flower ;
 A throne of turf within ;
 Sweet sing the birds aloft in air,
 Or to the bower hover near,
 And now they enter in.

IX.

View her now seated on the throne,
 In virgin purity her own ;
 All blooming as the morn ;
 And now begin the rural rites,
 The splendid maid each one delights,
 And rapture fills the lawn.

X.

A sage old Swain above the rest,
 To the fair Queen these words addrest :
 Holding the crown of flowers ;
 Think when you take this flowery ring,
 Good as e'er circl'd yet a King ;
 On what condition's yours.

XI.

XL.

The rose and lilly picture you,
 Sweet as their sweet, and like their hue ;
 But yet that is not all ;
 The rose is guarded round with thorns,
 The lilly does pollution scorn ;
 So proper strait and tall.

XII.

With innocence each art oppose,
 Guard all thy charms as does the rose,
 And virtuous paths persue ;
 Nor like the tulip, swell for show,
 To attract the eyes of every beau ;
 Who praise but to subdue.

XIII.

Then when you quit thy virgin state,
 How blest, how happy'll be your mate,
 With such a worthy wife ;
 Thro' every path you safe may go,
 No care nor no vexations know,
 But gently pass thro' life.

XIV.

XIV.

Yet every one partakes of care,
 The crown that greatest monarchs wear,
 Is circled round with woe;
 Yet if they act a virtuous part,
 They'll clap their hand upon the heart;
 And say—well be it so!

XV.

For 'tis the duty of us all,
 The high, the low, the great, the small;
 Aye e'en the proudest great,
 To bend to him who rules on high,
 Who sees us with impartial eye,
 To yield alike to fate.

XVI.

'Tis not a crown can make one good,
 Ambition, if 'tis understood,
 In virtuous acts excell;
 'Tis then that shines the gem supreme,
 Not merely then a golden dream,
 Thy trump, O fame! can tell.

XVII.

XVII.

Here ends the Sage, the rural throng,
 With one accord applaud his song,
 Then hail'd their youthful Queen ;
 Again the pipe and tabor sound,
 The fair returns with honour crown'd ;
 Thus ends the happy scene.

XVIII.

May every one still live in peace,
 And as their years, their joys encrease ;
 Truth, honour, be their guide ;
 So shall in time each lovely fair,
 With him she loves to church repair,
 And be a happy bride.

END OF PART I.

There ends the story, the final song,
With one accord, 'tis sung,
I am not of this world,
And yet I feel its power;
I feel its power, its power,
I feel its power, its power,
I feel its power, its power,
I feel its power, its power.

And now the story ends,
The story ends, the story ends,
The story ends, the story ends,
The story ends, the story ends,
The story ends, the story ends,
The story ends, the story ends,
The story ends, the story ends,
The story ends, the story ends.

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The Milk maid's Garland?

MAY-DAY:

A P O E M.

P A R T II.

The Milk Maid's Garland.

I.

COME Thalia, frolick loving maid,
For once attend and lend thine aid,
And, leave Parnassus'-Hill ;
While to the morn of laughing May,
I raise my voice and give the lay ;
Oh ! guide my artless quill.

C

II.

II.

Soon as Aurora does prepare
 The fiery steeds for Phoebus' car,
 And shews the blushing dawn ;
 Then on the distant hills and plain,
 You hear the shout of Nymphs and Swains,
 To hail the happy morn.

III.

The birds in concert all are found,
 Fair Flora spreads the meads around,
 And gives to rapture birth ;
 Musick and mirth now fills the air,
 And with due vegetative care,
 Teems for the kindly earth.

IV.

Let every one of human race,
 Still as they urge life's various chace,
 Still bend to him who gives,
 Nature's great author claim his due,
 Thanks should from benefits ensue,
 From every one that lives.

V.

So did the Patriarchs of old,
 For harvest, or their numerous fold;
 They blest the giving hand;
 They prais'd, when e'er they drank or eat,
 Joy ever smil'd upon the treat,
 And plenty crown'd the land.

VI.

Now Garlands of a thousand hues,
 Their aromatic sweets diffuse,
 To crown the favour'd fair;
 The Nymphs are decent, neatly drest,
 And virtue heaves the youthful breast;
 And banishes all care.

VII.

Still may such virtue bless our plains,
 Still dwell with all our Nymphs and Swains,
 And guide their hopes to peace;
 Love, unity, and concord smile,
 For ever in Britannia's isle;
 And jarring discord cease.

VIII.

The ribbons wreath the May-pole round,
 The tabor beats a pleasing sound,
 The festive youths advance ;
 Around the pole how brisk they move,
 Each strives to win the fair one's love,
 With song or sprightly dance.

IX.

But now to town the Muse repairs,
 Where different sports the milk-maid shares,
 And different scenes are shown ;
 The Garland form'd of massy plate,
 Beneath sometimes whose ponderous weight,
 Two stout Hibernians groan.

X.

With ribbons deck'd in gaudy show,
 From house to house, with glee they go,
 And trip a frolick round ;
 Yet hirlings, these who dance away,
 Drest by subscription for a day,
 And drunk at night are found.

XI.

XI.

Ye thoughtless girls be warn'd 'ere late,
 Think on your sure approaching fate,
 And let the Muse advise;
 Leave off such vain and idle ways,
 To virtue turn, amend your days;
 And strive to be more wise.

XII.

'Tis not the dance, nor yet the song,
 If all your actions else are wrong,
 Can form the mind delight;
 No: virtue must the step advance,
 And then the song, and then the dance,
 Will pleasing be and right.

XIII.

But now my Muse the cause relates,
 How Garlands came of massy plate,
 And whence this custom sprung;
 Colin and Sue shall never die,
 If with my wish the Muse comply,
 And vivify my song.

XIV.

XIV.

Susan as fair as e'er was seen,
 With dimpled smiles and decent mein,
 By Colin was belov'd ;
 Yet all he said was still in vain ;
 Her breast regarded not his pain,
 But all abortive prov'd.

XV.

Colin by fate was doom'd to dwell
 Within a kitchen's humble cell,
 And night and morn to go,
 From house to house, from street to street,
 And ask if any one thought meet,
 To have some milk below.

XVI.

Tho' humble, yet of honest heart,
 With justice still he did his part,
 And got the esteem of all ;
 He never dash'd his liquid ware,
 And measure gave with all due care,
 Alike to great and small.

XVII.

XVII.

To win fair Susan's heart he strove,
 And found this scheme to gain her love,
 And end the cruel strife;
 He borrow'd plate, some here, some there,
 His honesty made no one fear,
 So gain'd her for his wife.

XVIII.

The Garland form, so charm'd her heart,
 She wish'd with him to have a part,
 Tho' 'twas but once a year;
 It soon was done, with joy they toil,
 Their honesty still made them smile,
 And drove away all care.

END OF PART II.

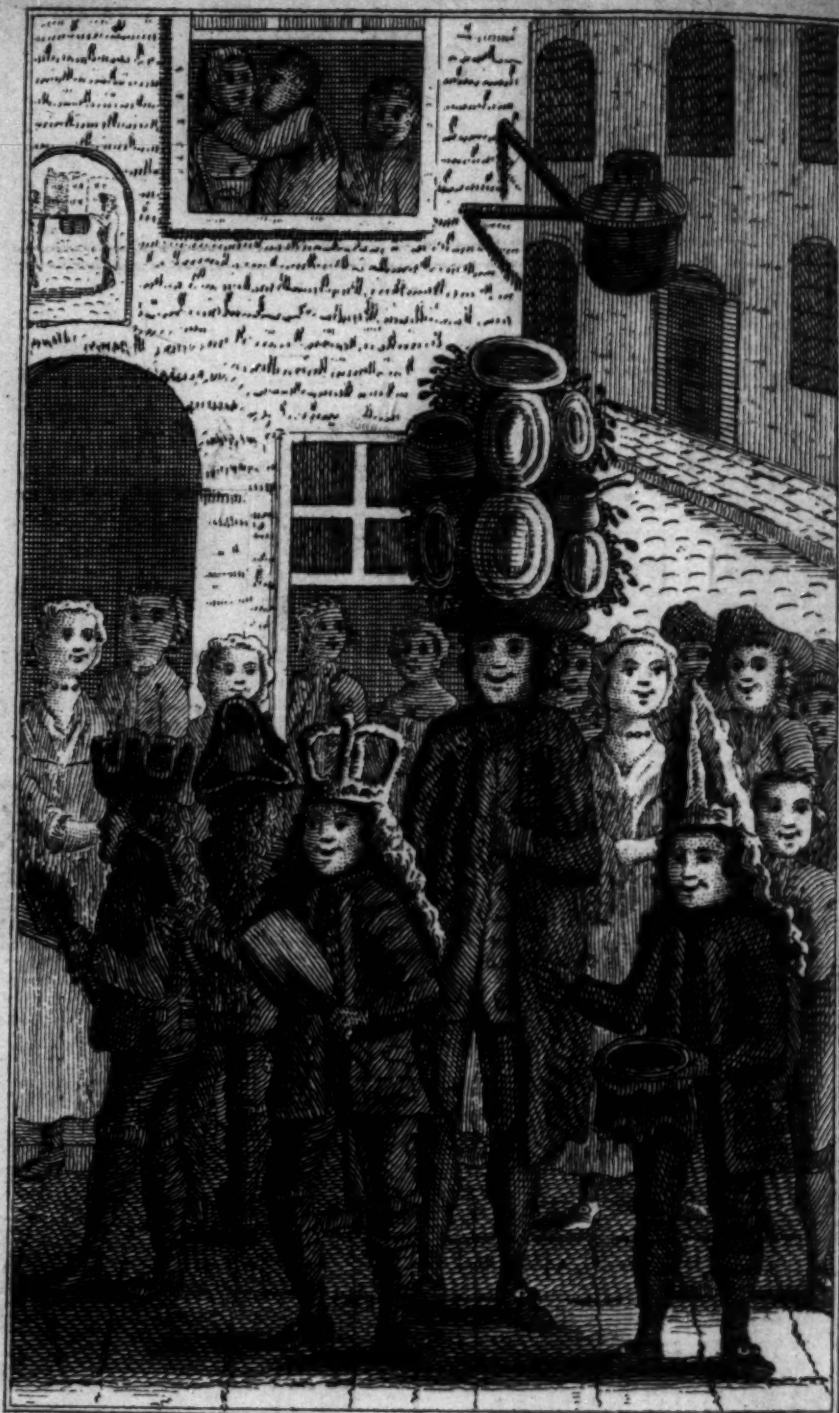
XXII

To what fair creature heart he drew
And round the globe to give her love
And end the cruel strife
His sorrow he had long been
His honesty he had no care
So glad to see her wife

XXIII

The Gallant found to cherish her heart
She wish'd with him to have a part
The more he lov'd her
It was his wish to see her
His honesty he had no care
And those were all

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The Chimney Sweep's Garland.

MAY-DAY:

A P O E M.

P A R T III.

The Chimney Sweepers Garland.

I.

NOW my fair Muse come on apace,
The subject yields a pleasing chace,
Which none can disapprove ;
The scenes indeed, which now we show,
Are somewhat simple, somewhat low ;
But such as all must love.

D

II.

II.

For being poor is not the thing,
 A Lord, a Minister, or King ;
 The highest earthly station,
 May be, if rightly understood,
 As Chimney-Sweepers, bad or good ;
 And bless or curse the nation.

III.

For little Smut, as pictur'd here,
 If educated with due care,
 Might prove a useful member ;
 Of greater use my friends I mean,
 For useless he is not, I ween ;
 From this time to December.

IV.

With weep, weep, weep, about they go,
 In Summer's heat, or Winter's snow ;
 In short, in any weathers ;
 While some who dress more fine than they,
 In every vice still flash away ;
 Must moult and cast their feathers.

V.

V.

Suppose my Lord, or else his Grace,
No matter in or out of place,
 Were in a little trouble ;
One would say this, the other that,
Yet all they say is merely chat ;
 All nonsense, hubble-bubble.

VI.

But when these little folks discuss,
Not half this talk, nor half this fuss,
 Is ever heard or known ;
For shame ye great ones, leave these ways,
And then no doubt in future days,
 Fair fame your names will crown.

VII.

Poor little Smut the Chimney-Sweeper,
With fist applied to blood-shot peeper,
 Now asks the votive lay ;
With his small voice he wakes the morn,
More shrill that voice than Post-boy's horn,
 And care is far away.

VIII.

Ah ! would but some in higher life,
 Who love to foment broils and strife,
 Behave like these poor boys ;
 How happy then the public weal,
 I will to every one appeal,
 How great would be our joys !

IX.

Soon as the blushing morn appears,
 To business each, his head uprears,
 At sound of weep, weep, weep ;
 It does not signify a flee,
 These will more blest and happy be,
 Than those that always sleep.

X.

Tho' black without, they're not within,
 No harm they think, so cannot sin,
 Are always blith and gay ;
 Tho' low in fortune, not forlorn,
 With joy they hail the coming morn ;
 The birth of rosy May.

XI.

XI.

In antic dress, how rum they look,
Observe the print before the book,
 With wig and ribbons drest ;
Our Lords, and Knights, and Noblemen,
Look wonderous fine, but pray what then ?
 They are not half so blest.

XII.

Now mind they trip a frolic round,
Their brushes twang, their shovels found,
 And deftly moves their feet ;
With powder'd cheeks they laugh and grin,
For care, they do not care a pin,
 But all their joys compleat.

XIII.

Once on a time, there goes a story,
Which instantly I'll lay before ye,
 Of some of these poor fellows ;
And if it is not to your mind,
I hope that you will be so kind,
 And honest, as to tell us.

XIV.

XIV.

From different folks, some here, some there,
 Half-pence they get, but get them fair,
 At least perhaps a crown ;
 Yet then to equally dispence,
 How to give each his share of pence,
 Had knock'd their reason down.

XV.

At length, one wiser than the rest,
 Flung off his cap, and clap'd his breast,
 And grin'd, and spoke with glee ;
 My eye, I've thought upon a way,
 When once 'tis known, is fair you'll say,
 And presently you'll see.

XVI.

The path to school I never trod,
 My breech ne'er felt the tickling rod,
 For truant disposition ;
 Yet shall my method be as fair,
 As those who calculate with care ;
 As any politician.

XVII.

XVII.

Let every one alike sit round,
 And lay his cap upon the ground,
 And take the alternate share ;
 Like cards, the chink is dealt about,
 That it was fair, there's none needs doubt,
 Nothing could be more fair.

XVIII.

Oh ! would but those who're far more great,
 (Suppose our Ministers of State)
 Like Chimney-Sweepers deal ;
 Then would each honest soul rejoice,
 Then this would be the common voice,
 How blest the common weal !

END OF PART III.

(22)

XIII.

I have every reason to believe
that the above is a true and
correct statement of the
facts of the case. I have
been very much interested
in the progress of the
case, and have been
very much gratified to
see the result.

XIV.

On the 1st of the month of
January, 1861, I was
informed that the
above was the result of
the case. I was very
much interested in the
progress of the case, and
was very much gratified
to see the result.

END OF VOLUME.



The Bunter's Garland.

M A Y - D A Y :

A P O E M.

P A R T IV.

The Bunters Garland.

I.

V ICE not confin'd to sex or age,
May still be seen in every page,
In Churchill or in Pope ;
The rich, the poor, the titled great,
Howe'er depress'd, howe'er elate ;
Deserve at times—a rope.

E

II.

II.

Thro' every class in human life,
We see detraction, envy, strife,
With all the effects of passion;
St. Giles's, or sweet Drury-Lane,
If you observe, you'll find would fain
Still copy those in fashion.

III.

And what do those in fashion do?
(Have patience, and the tale pursue)
A cordial drinks my lady;
And is it strange, my Muse begin,
If lower folks drink humble Gin;
Why who dare's say so?—heigh day!

IV.

Why let my Lady cordials drink,
Why let her Sir, no harm I think;
I trouble not the Great;
No:—weak alas! my slipshod Muse,
And humbler subject now pursue,
Of those in humbler state.

.VI.

Yet still the Great, as Prior says,
 Should in their manners and their ways,
 A something set before 'em;
 Which like a dial to the sight,
 Should show the hour of wrong and right,
 A something of decorum.

.VI.

Suppose that Moll, or Nell, or Sue,
 The actions of the Great should view,
 They'd think them wondrous pretty;
 And when each came to be a wife,
 She'd copy those in higher life,
 Remembering Lady Betty.

.VII.

Superior things they cannot get,
 Like Lady Jane, or Lady Bet,
 What then, they'll imitate 'em;
 They'll dress, they'll drink, but seldom pray,
 Toss up, which shews their love of play,
 And makes their husbands hate 'em.

VIII.

They cannot go to balls or routs,
 But then they have their hornpipe bouts,
 Which nothing can them gain say ;
 Turn'd out of doors, first this, then that,
 At length to do they care not what,
 But trip around on May-Day.

IX.

Soon as the Bunters rout begins,
 For care they do not care three pins,
 But think upon the treat ;
 The Milk-man views them first around,
 Examines if they're round and found,
 And nimbly move their feet.

X.

Ah ! how unhappy is their fate,
 With tears they may repent too late,
 And wish, but all in vain,
 That they had minded household care,
 Dress'd with a comely modest air,
 And gave their pride some pain.

XI.

.XI.

The dirty plates, these pretty Doxies,
 Together with the pepper boxes,
 Are ty'd with wonderous care ;
 They imitate the Milk-maid's pride,
 But let the shape be set aside ;
 'Tis vile beyond compare.

XII.

With paper ruffles, fine about,
 By some ingenious knife cut out,
 They seem excessive gay ;
 But who observes each dirty face,
 Will never see one beam of grace,
 To hail the birth of May.

XIII.

In ancient times, as we are told,
 By some Historians of old,
 The fairies us'd to come ;
 And every slut pinch'd black and blue,
 Was they but now to do so too ;
 'Twould gaul the flesh of some.

XIV.

XIV.

But now alike, the Poor or Great,
Ne'er think upon their future fate,
But still pursue vigaries ;
St. Giles's or St. James's the same,
Pull off the cloaths or change the name ;
They heed, nor elves, or fairies.

XV.

From door to door they pick up pence,
Then drink and sing, and loose their sense,
And care not what they do ;
The horrid oath, the direful curse,
Tho' bad, they still proceed to worse ;
Moll, Nell,^{or} Sall, or Sue.

XVI.

Alas ! how pitiful their state !
How miserable is their fate,
The Almighty's fure offended ;
Then let the Muse this warning give,
Oh ! learn to die while now you live ;
And then your state's amended.

XVII.

XVII.

However humble here below,
 Consider where, 'ere long you'll go,
 And what you have to answer ;
 The Muse that now inscribes the strain,
 Now weeps, tho' she may weep in vain,
 Yet blame her if you can Sir.

XVIII.

Ye Chimney-sweepers, Milk-maids, Bunters,
 And all that are call'd May-Day hunters,
 My verse observe with heed ;
 Be virtuous, and you will be wise,
 Shew honesty without disguise,
 And mend your lives with speed.

F I N I S.

XVII.

I flower humble here below
Consider what thy lot is here,
And what you have to do
The Muse that now instructs the strain
Now weeps, and the next day in vain
Yet blame her if she can.

XVIII.

The Ocean's waves, the winds, the clouds,
And all that move and live around

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My voice, my heart, my soul, my power
Be witness, and you will be true
I'll show you, without doubt
And prove you true to me.

F I N I S